

Stripped Down: A Found Poem

We obsess: be
with me: stripped down,
numb heart to canvas and
hurricanes and
soil: we heal to the bone. Still.
Vibrant fire alive and bumping
towards rusted needles, cracking ribs, and
lips more scar tissue than skin.
We heal on empty nights, bones bared
storming constellations adore fresh air and
we crave ourselves through pieces of
You, you, you, you. We
scrape Everything from Nothing:

sonnets, novels, a dictionary
from my muse, defined and picked
apart, but rushing confuses.
We knot words: brilliant to broken, bandaged in
cracked perfection. Turmoil on fire lights
forever, getting high
on details: cross examined promises
make the sharp edges of a knife and
we soak in center of a storm
forever to return to Risk.
We expect constellations but get
half-digested inches where
a thousand beautiful suns were waking.

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Voices unannounced but whole
are the middle of miracles. You're afraid and
stripped down but not destroyed.

I feel like you and am a
drowning swimmer waking a lifeline.

But you are
the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.